



Songs of School Days

J. W. Foley



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SONGS OF SCHOOLDAYS



" WOANT YOU TAIK THISS
KANNDY "

Songs of Schooldays

By

JAMES W. FOLEY

Illustrated with Silhouettes by

KATHARINE G. BUFFUM



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To My Wife

WHO HAS ENCOURAGED ME STEADFASTLY

Song of the Purpose of the Book

wuns i tolled hennry beamus iff we took
owr dreems ann dedes ann put um in a book
it otto be a trete ann hennry sedd
it otto maik us famus wenn weere dedd.
ann hennry beamus sedd we otto maik
a reckered uv owr boyhood fore the saik
uv grone up fokes ann wenn the wurk is throo
to here um say thatts wott thay yoostoo doo
wenn thay are yung ann that way maik um gladd
to think uv awl the happie daze they had.

ann so we rote it awl : the planns we maide
the dreems we hadd ann awl the gaims we plade
the gurls we yoostoo luv with awl owr sole
the springbored thare beside the swimmen hoal
the kave ware we plade piruts ann the brook
ware we wood fish. the menny times we took
owr lunch owt in the woods ann watcht the burds
ann wenn we got it awl put down in wurd
ann lookt at it wi hennry beamus sedd
itts not a book but it is us instedd.

ann alwus wenn heez riten hennry tride
to doo his verry best ann almoast kride
suntimes to think uv awl the happie daze
we yoostoo have ann uv the menny ways
we had to maik us happie ann heez glad
to think uv awl the happie times we hadd.
ann me an hennry beamus hoap the book
wil be a trete to u ann maik u look
back ware u yoostoo be wenn ure a ladd
ann maik u think uv the good times u hadd.

— J. W. FOLEY

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SONGS OF SCHOOLDAYS

Of the Wasted Candy and the Ingratitude.

luv is a funney thing fore wenn u gett
it in ure sistem ann ure gurl has ett
ure kanndy ann sum large boy kums around
hoose got moar munney shee wil thro u down.
i thott that biggust burten gurl was fine
she was thurtene ann i am onley nine
but if i luvd a gurl i woodunt kair
abowt hur aige if she had luvly hare
ann feechers ann i woodunt stop becaws
she was a few yeers diff runt than i was.

mi she was luvly. ann hur hare was black
ann too big brades uv it hung down hur back.
i hadd a bag uv kanndy the furst time
i mett hur goen too skool ann i sedd ime
a nabor uv ure fokes ann woant u taik
thiss kanndy. haff uv it belonged too blake
but i foargott abowt his shair ann she
sedd mi u are too offle good too me
ann woodunt she be robben me ann took
the sack ann sedd yess i mite taik hur book.

i luvd hur a hoal weke ann every day
wenn i had kanndy i give it away
too hur but wenn i ast hur if sheed go
too hennry beamus parrtty she sedd no
ann sedd bil peersen was hur kumpuny
shee koodunt go with sutch smal boys uz me.
ann hennry beamus hurd hur say mi hand
was kuverd with big warts shee koodunt stand.
i no i got worts but shee didunt sea
um wenn she took mi kanndy awl frum me.



"SHE SKREMED UZ IF HUR LITTUL HART WOOD BRAKE
BECAWS SHE SAW A LITTUL GARTUR SNAIK "

Of the Worshipper and the Shrine.

thares ware we mett ann i furst saw hur face.
too me it is a holey sakerud plais
ann wenn the wurd semes sadd i kum ann sitt
hear on the kool grene grass ann wurshipp it.
she skremed uz if hur littul hart wood brake
becaws she saw a littul gartur snaik
kurld up in frunt uv hur. uno thay aint
the biten kind but mi i thott sheed faint
until i kilt it ann she sedd o mi
wenn it was over ann begann too kri.

o wimmens teres wenn frum thare eyes u start
u maik the kweerest feelen in owr hart
uz if we were a giunt ann wood waid
throo seez uv bludd ann waiv owr trussty blaid
too wreskew hur frum dannjur. ann ude lay
ure life rite down to wipe hur teres away.
ann wenn uve riskt ure life in hearos dedes
too wreskew hur frum dannjur awl she nedes
is kum ann smile att u throo hur bigg tears
to maik ure hart go pittypat fore yeers.

wot doo i kair if sheez foargott me now
ur dedd ur married. i kum ennyhow
too wurshipp at hur shrine. ann if ive losst
mi marbuls sutch uz slickeries witch cosst
a sent apeace ann if mi hart is soar
becaws i have no munney to bi moar
i kum ann sit down hear ann think uv wenn
i saived hur life. it awl kums back agenn
ann o the sweetest peace desends on mee
till i am happie uz i yoostoobee.



" SHE DUZ NOT SPEKE TO ME BUT PASSES BI
WITH HOTTY LOOKS "

Of the Forgiveness.

she duz not speke to me but passes bi
with hotty looks ann angur in hur eye.
she wil nott rede mi noats to hur ann wenn
i send hur flours she sends um back agenn.
i tride to speke to hur lass nite but she
past coaldly bi uz if she kood nott sea
ann hennry beamus sedd he hurd hur say
ime nuthen but a worty littul jay.
o luv u are the swete kreem uv an owr
but o how badd u taist wenn u turn sowr.

wenn hennry toald me that u kood uv nockt
me over with a fether ime so shockt
ann hurt to think that sutch a gurl uz she
kood say it ann foarget wott yoostoobe.
forgett the daze wenn she ann i were yung
the menny menny times we stood ann sung
in singen skool. the munney that i spent
too bi hur kanndy ann the times we wennt
to dansen parties. o a littul hait
like a bigg spunj wipes luv kleen off the slait.

but ile foargive hur witch is like the roase
that trize to blossom underneeth the snoze
ann sumday wenn ime dyen far away
frum hoam ann frends sheel kum to me ann say
she did nott understand wot a bigg hart
i hadd in me. its offle hard too part
to sea hur every day ann passen bi
with hotty looks ann angur in hur eye
but eaven if she cawled me that uno
i will foargive hur fore i luvd hur so.

"JO BENSEN"



Of the Truthful George and the Observing Lad.

tooday we hadd a hollyday becaws
gorge washington is dedd. uno he was
the onley man that neavur tolled a li
witch maiks it awl the wurse he hadd to di.
wenn teecher rote it on the bored ann sedd
how olled he was ann how long he was dedd
ann ast wot he died uv jo bensen says
i gess he musst uv died uv loansumness.
ann wenn she sedd he koodunt li ann thatts
the trooth wi willy peersen he sedd rattz
if that was troo heez in an offle ficks
was gorge wenn he got intoo pollyticks.



"U ROAD TOO SKOOL ON WILLY PEERSENS SLEDD"

Of the Renunciation.

hear is the wring u alwus lett me ware
hear is ure lettur ann the lock uv hare
u sent me wenn u promist to be troo
becaws ure fals i send um back too u.
doant rite ann ast me wi becaws uno
wot u have dun to me that greeves me so.
u road too skool on willy peersens sledd
hereaftur u will be uz if ure dedd
ann i wil pas u bi with skorn ann awl
mi frends wil neavur speke to u at awl.

sum boys wood hait u fore a hartluss flurt
but no. tho u have throne me in the durt
i wil not hait u. i wil lett u be
a sowr olled maid. ann sumday wenn u sea
me goen bi u with a hansum wife
ule nash ure teeth in pane. ann awl ure life
ule sitt ann si becaws u throo me down
ann ile be ritch ann own moast awl the town
but wenn ure dyen in sum loanly plais
ile kum ann drop a teer on ure dedd fais.

uve broak mi hart but thare are uther gurls
with jusst uz luvly faises. thay are purls
beside uv u ann dyen fore a sho
too be mi awl fore thay have tolled me so.
but u ann me are dun ann if u kum
on bennded neeze ann offerd me ure gumm
too choo ide waive u skornfully aside
ann wood not eaven kair how mutch u kride.
taik back ure lettur ann the wring i woar
fore u are dedd to me foreavurmoar.



"THE DEDD LOG WARE WE WOOD SIT
ANN ETE OWR SANDWITCHES"

Of the Modern Columbus and the Lass.

wenn she getts this noat ile be far away.
itts hard to go but harder stil to stay
ann no she duzent luv me ennymoar.
o wenn columbuss left his native shoar
fore the yoonited staitis no wunder he
lookt back acrosst the dizmul waist uv see
ann sedd fairwel mi nativ land goodnite.
i no jusst how he fealt ann uz i rite
thiss fairwel lettur the hott tears jusst sizz
becaws mi hart is loansum jusst like hiz.

tooday i went arownd ann sedd goodbi
too awl the plaisses ware we plade hi spi.
too the dedd log ware we wood sit ann ete
owr sandwiches ann rest owr weerie fete.
then too the krick ware i swum fore hur hatt
ann ware bill peersen drounded hur pett katt.
swete memmeries kum too me awl aloan
jusst like ude spillt a bottul uv coloan
ann grate sobbs shook mi mornfle bresst wen i
sedd too um awl good bi olled seems good bi.

the planes fore me ware i kan go ann kill
wild indyuns bi skoars ann get mi fill
uv bluddy dedes ann thatway ile foargett
mi urly life. ile be a hearo yett.
the papurs wil be full uv me uno
ann afturwile ile start a wild wesst sho
ann maik hur town ann she wil go uv korse
ann see me riden on mi bucken horse
ann hoalden up the staige. ann she will sea
wot mite uv bin if sheed bin troo too me.



"SHEEL SITT IN THE FRUNT PARLER LOOKEN SWETE
ANN DOEN FANNY WURK "

Of the Confidence of Love.

luv sutch uz hurs wil neavur neavur di.
she neavur maid a donut ur a pi
but she kann lurn ann wott she duzent no
wil be awlrite becaws i luv hur so.
wott if we hafftoo live on kannd bakebeens
ann botten junnjur cookeys ann sardeens
mi hart wil feest upon mi luv ann wenn
mi appetight getts down to wurk agenn
she wil have lurnt to cook ann awl be well
ann brite ann happie uz a marridge bel.

o mitey luv bi witch too soles are ledd
too happyness wile eeten baykers bredd
ann byen furnichoor uz besst thay kann
too fil thare hoam on the installmunt plan.
wott difference if the cooken stoav woant draw
u onley hafftoo ast ure muthernlaw
to kum ann hellp u ann she kums ann brings
sum hoammaid bredd ann pize ann uther things
ann fires the hired gurl ann sedd sheel stay
until u reely want hur to go way.

then wile hur muthers gotten things too ete
sheel sitt in the frunt parler looken swete
ann dooen fannsy wurk ann awl day long
weel sitt like burds ann burst owt intoo song.
she says sheez not afrade uv beein poor
if she has lotts uv kloase. ann sheel endoor
wott eavur forchune brings if i doant look
fore hur too doo the howswurk ann too kook.
how cood i hellp but luven hur wenn she
is reddy to lay down hur life fore me.



"WENN SHE WAS HANGEN ON THE GAIT ANN
I LOOKT FOOLISH AT HUR WENN IME GOEN BI"

Of the Lovable Lass and the Plethoric Dad.

she says she neavur neavur luvd befoar
she saw me passen bi hur paws frunt doar
wenn she was hangen on the gait ann i
lookt foolish at hur wenn ime goen bi.
uv korse she had sum boze but nun that sturd
hur hart down too its depths until she hurd
me wissel ann she saw mi fais. ann wenn
she furst saw me sheed neavur luv agenn
she sedd she noo. ann if i shunnd hur eye
sheed be a nunn ann bid the wurld goodbi.

how swete it is wenn munneys on the throan
uv life too be luvd fore ureself aloan
ann no that u have gott the powr to stur
a woomens hart wenn u jusst look at hur.
ann o its sweeter stil if u kann no
hur paw has got jusst oshuns uv the doe
ann u jusst have to furrnish luv ann he
wil furrnish munney fore boath u ann she
i wood not kair if she was poor but o
its dubley swete too no sheez got the doe.

i wood not hezzetait if she was poor
too marrie hur. togeathur weed endoor
woteavur forchune sennt with rite good will
but since sheez ritch itts awl the bettur stil.
ide luv hur in a cottidge just the saim
fore luv is sutch a holey sakerud flaim
it burns like tinndur wenn u strike a lite
but stil it burns moar glorious ann brite
wenn she has lotts uv munney ann hur paw
with menny thowsunds is ure fawthernlaw.



"IN OALDEN DAZE I WOOD
UV BIN A NITE."

Of the Disabled Knight.

i kannot go to sea hur wennsday nite
mi lipp is sweld ann i have had a fite
with shoarty weeks. he cawld hur pidgentode
ann thenn i went ann throo him in the rode
ann rold him in the dusst until he sedd
heed taik it back. but wenn heez up instedd
he hitt me in the fais with a big stick
witch hennry beamus cawls a kowurds trick
becaws we had kings X. ann hennry says
nobuddy wood doo that but savvidges.

i look so funney wenn i tri too smile
witch i suppoas wil lasst fore kwite a wile.
ann wenn i ete mi meels ann hafftoo choo
mi teath doant grind um like thay otto doo.
ime offle soar but i doant kair at awl
becaws ile betchoo he woant neavur cawl
hur pidgentode agenn. ino he stade
away frum skool too daze heez so afrade
ann hennry sedd heed ruther look like me
than be a savvidge ur be kowurdly.

in oalden daze i wood uv bin a nite
with armer on ann reddy fore a fite
moast enny time ann waiv mi bluddy soled
fore wimmens saiks nur ast fore a reword
eksept too kis thare hand wenn i had ledd
um up to ware thare enemees lay dedd.
ann thenn ide lifft um up on mi black stede
ann ride away with um. ann if ide blede
frum krewel woonds i woodunt neavur kair
if i got wun brite smile frum ladey fare.



"THIS BOKAY IS FORE PURL"

Of the Significance of Mignonette.

i wood uv bott u violetts to sho
how mutch i luv u butt purhapps uno
how mutch thay cost a bunch. thay are so hi
u hafftoo be a millyunair to bi
a bunch uv um. ann so i hadd to lett
um go ann gett this bunch uv minyunnet
witch groze in owr frunt yard. its not so dere
but shoze mi feelens to u jusst uz clear
uz if it kost a lott. ann it is tide
with ribbon muther woar wenn sheez a bride.

she duzent no i took it but no harm
is dun ann maybee it will be a charm
fore u ann me. i cutt it off hur dress
but she woant mind a littul moarorless.
i tride to ti it in a hansum bo
like gurls doo in the flour stoars uno
butt coodunt maik it wurk ann so I tide
it in a hard nott that will hoald. beside
it shoze bi beein tide so hard how fast
owr harts are tide togeathur till the last.

ann wen u smelluvum with ure deer noase
remmembur ure the sweetest flour that groze
ann wen i think uv u mi eyes gett wett
ann mi hoal hart semes full uv minyunnet.
ile nock at ure frunt doar ann wen the gurl
kums down ile say this bokay is fore purl
sent bi a frend uv hurn ann then ile go
away at wuns ann she will neavur no
that ime the frend ann ure the wun to gett
mi hart in this bigg bunch uv minyunnet.



"I WENT BEHIND THE BARN ANN THOTT"

Of Love, the Miracle Worker.

lass nite u sedd u luvd me deer ann o
wott joy itt give me u wil neavur no.
i coodunt ete no supper ann i went
behind the barn ann thott uv how ide spent
so menny yeers in foolishness ann swear
thatt wott had bin wood neavur be no moar.
ann wenn the piggs ann cows hadd awl bin fed
ann neerly awl the wurd had gone to bedd
i cood not slepe but stade awake unless
ide looze a minnit uv mi happiness.

ann i foargave bil peersen awl the sin
heez dun to me ann littul hennry finn
foar tellen teecheer on me wenn i roat
a joak abowt hur swetehart onn a noat.
ann gummy wudgen for the time he broak
mi fishpoal ann jo grumby foar the joak
he plade on me wenn he roat nelly brown
ann sined mi naim ann sedd i wood be down
att the dedd tree att five o'clock ann she
kott neer hur deth uv coald waten foar me.

ann wenn i coodunt think uv enny moar
i cood foargive i fickst the seller dore
ann raikd the yard ann pild the wood-box hi
with kindlen wood ann wenn itt's awl dun i
throo the corn husks i yoostoo smoak away
ime dun with um foreavur ann a day.
ann o thiss mornen wenn i washt i took
thee sope ann washt mi neck soze it wood look
uz wite uz snow. it changes u awl throo
wenn u no sum wun reely cares fore u.



"SHE LOOKS INTOO OWR BACKYARD
ANN SMILES AT ME"

Of the Interrogation.

wi doo i luv hur wenn i sea hur go
with hur big bag uv skoolbooks too ann fro.
wi does mi hart go pittypat wenn she
looks intoo owr backyard ann smiles at me.
wi doo i wish i was a millyunair
ann ownd a pallus bi the see sumware
with menmy survents at her bekkancawl
soze she doant have to doo no wurk at awl
but onley hasstoo chainge hur gownds ann go
too serkuses becaws i luv hur so.

wi doo i sumhow alwus want to ware
mi sunde kloase ann alwus kome mi hare
wenn i sea hur like sum swete farèy go
intoo the stoar fore grossereys uno.
mi feelens are so depe thatt i kant tell
wott maiks me luv hur. she has kasst a spell
upon mi hart witch jumps arownd uz tho
its sum skairt burd uve kott ann woant let go.
ann hennry beamus sedd nobuddy nose
ware luv kums frum ur eaven ware it goze.

if i shood be a famus man uno
ann play a horn in sum big minnstrul sho
ur be a serkus rider it wood be
mi luv fore hur that maid a man uv me.
ann every time i turnd a summerset
ur plade a solo on the klarrinett
ide no it was mi luv fore hur that maid
me famus ann the verry toon i plade
wood sho it ann the summersett i whurled
wood provv that luv the thing that rools the world.



"THARE SEMES TO BE
NO CHANCE IN AWL THE WIDE WUOLD FORD ME."

Of the Prosaic Life and the Unquenchable Fire.

if i kood stopp sum turble runaway
that she was in ann wreskew hur ann say
no nobul gurl give me no thanks. fore u
it wood be pleshur to be tore in too
bi big wild hoarses. iff ide kiss hur hand
ann taik mi hat off wood she understand
wott maid a hearo uv me. wood she fawl
upon mi neck ann say pleez kum ann cawl
tomorro nite ur wood she koaldly say
thank u kind sur ann go hur hotty way.

ur if hur fawthers howse was burnen down
ann awl the fiar fiters stood arownd
wile she is up in hur thurd storey room
so commly waten fore hur firey doom
ann i shood dash throo smoak ann flaim ann save
hur frum hur turble turble firey grave
i wunder if sheed still be koald ann prowld
wile mitey cheers went up frum awl the crowd
ur wood she say fore wott uve dun today
ile be ure swetehart till ime oald ann gray.

o if sum chance wood onley kum to sho
how mutch i luv hur so sheed hafftoo no
wotts in mi hart. but o thare semes to be
no chance in awl the wide wide wurld fore me.
if onley sheed go fore a sale ann get
intoo a stoarm soze she wood get upsett
ann i cood saive hur frum the mitey depe
ann frum hur grattitood to me cood repe
mi grate reword. but no. no chance wil kum
ann i kann onley bi hur nutts ann gum.



"I LEEND ON THE FRUNT FENSE LASS NITE ANN KRIDE"

Of the Lamentation.

the wurdl semes offle offle sad to me
fore amy joans is gone away u sea
to vizzet with hur unkels fokes ann i
woant sea hur fore a hoal weke witch is wi.
sumhow hur goen maiks a turble chainge
abowt hur howse. it looks so still ann strainge
the blinds are shutt ann awl the kurtens down
with jusst the gurl ann hired man in town
to kepe the burrglers owt ann the frunt laun
just semes to say sheez gone sheez gone sheez gone.

i leend on the frunt fense lass nite ann kride
to think she wasent thare. ann then i tride
to chere upp but mi feelens was too grate
ann turble sobbs just rattuld the frunt gait.
i was askairt sheed neavurmoar kum back
sumway i thott the trane run off the track
ann kilt um awl. in mi dreems i kood sea
hur layen dedd ann cawlen owt to me
it was so pittiful ann i sed no
it is so dredfull that it kant be so.

today we had fresh donuts sutch uz we
are offle fond uv ann i ett down three
befoar i thott uv hur ann then the lite
went owt fore me. i losst mi appetight.
a grate bigg lump rose rite upp in mi throte
i putt a kupple donuts in mi kote
soze i doant starv ann slolie went away.
sum uther boys were bizzey with thare play
but i jusst lookt at them ann then went on.
how kood i think uv play wenn she is gone.



" I WASHT THE STEPS "

Of the Unselfishness of Love.

if she noo how i wurkt to get that dime
how i was swetten neerly awl the time
i washt the steps ann polisht the frunt doar
i wunder if sheed luv me enny moar
wenn she is drinken lemменade witch i
have bott fore hur. shee nose that it wood bi
fishlines ur topps ur marbuls witch i nede
but no. i doo not bi um. no indede.
i onley think uv hur ann mi grate luv
ann wunder sumtimes wott sheez thinken uv.

if she kood sea the blissturs on mi hand
frum raken launs o wood she understand
that every time she stopps ann starts to draw
hur breth sheez drawn munney throo the straw.
o luv how eezy u maik us foargett
the way we wurk we blisstur ann we swett
to get a littul munney wenn we pass
a stand ware lemменade is five a glass
ann ure gurl looks up att u offle sli
ann says o hennry doant it maik u dri.

o luv u are a mitey mitey power
we wurk fore munney menny a weery owr
but let a gurl get thursty ann its gone
befoar u hardly say jak robison.
the millyunair spends thowsunds but he nose
thares lots moar in his pockut wenn it goze
but wen i spend mi dime foar lemменade
its awl ive got. but luv is not afrade
uv povurty. ann every breth she draws
brings happinuss up to me throo the straws.



"ILE BE A HURMITT IN A KAVE"

Of the Chastisement and the Lass.

becaws i lickt hur bruther she is soar
ann sed hur luv is dedd foreavurmoar
ann o wot maiks hur koalduuss seme the wurst
is wenn i no hur bruther hit me furst.
i wood uv neavur lickt him ann wood taik
the naims he cawled me fore hur own deer saik
but wenn he went ann hit me i foargot
he was hur bruther tho i neavur ott
uv lickt him kwite so bad ann broak his noase
but its too lait to tell hur i suppoas.

ann hennry beamus sed she sed if she
kood be a boy sheed maik it hot fore me
fore lickin him. she duzent seme too no
he blackt mi eye befoar i lickt him so.
if i kood onley speke to hur ann tel
mi side uv it ann sho mi eye a spell
she mite be sorrie fore the wurdz she sed
but wenn she seez me now she turns hur hedd
ann turns hur noase up like a kwene ann wenn
i tri to sho mi eye sheez gone agenn.

he neavur bot hur kanndy ur iskream
uz i uv dun ann yet ovr happie dreem
is broaken ann luvs bubbel it has burrst
becaws i lickt him wenn he hit me furst.
i wood uv bin her loyel fathfull slaive
but now ile be a hurmitt in a kave
ann slepe on skinns ann let mi hare gro long
ann sumday wenn she seez that she was wrong
thale find me layen dedd in sum far land
with hur swete pickchure in mi koald dedd hand.



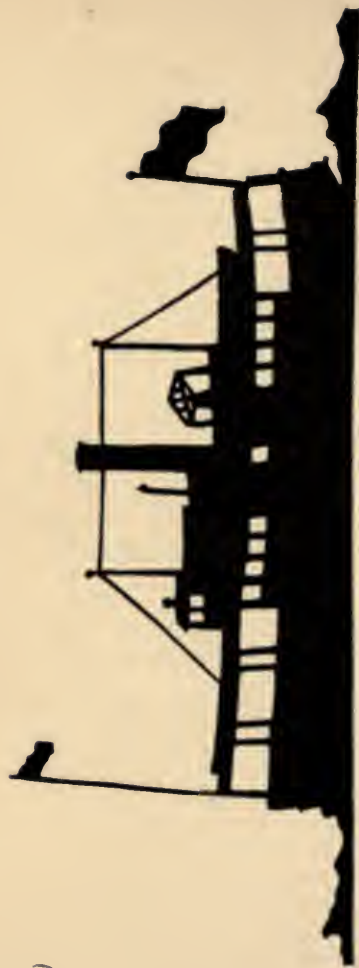
"O WENN HE KUMS TO CAWL U BETTER AST
HIM WOTT HIS RECKERED IS"

Of the Mysterious Stranger.

o trusst him not becaws his fais is fare
ann he has perfyoom on ann oyley hare
ann wares fine kloase. u doo not no but wott
the welth he semes to have he may uv gott
bi turble krimes ann onley trize to hide
his wikked hart beneeth a fare owtside.
u doo not eaven no but wott he may
uv bin a kash boy in a stoar sum day
ann run off with the munney drore witch he
wood yooze to win ure hart away frum me.

how doo u no but wott the welth he owns
was grownd frum orfuns teers ann widdoze grones
ann wenn u eet iskream with him he may
be spennden munney witch he took away
frum sum poor sole hoo may be in the strete
with bairly kloase enuf ur bredd to eet
wile he is feesten like a prinns ann bize
redd lemменade ann gum ann thatway trize
to win ure hart away frum me ann thenn
wenn it is broak kasst it aside agenn.

o wenn he kums to cawl u bettur ast
him wott his reckered is ann if his passt
is free frum krime ann if he shood turn pale
ule no the officers are on his trale.
ur maybee heez a kownterfitter hoo
is waten fore a serkus to kum throo
soze he kann wurk the town ann thenn heel fi
to uther feelds ann neavur say goodbi
ann u wood di uv shaim ann hafftoo be
a nunn to hide ure shaim ann mizzery.



"I MITE BE A STEEMBOTE KAPTEN"

Of the Temptation.

sumday i mite be prezidunt ur own
a minnstrul sho ur serkus awl aloan
ur be a trane conductkter soze thatt u
cood ride fore nuthen iff i wantted too.
ur be a steembote kaptan on the seez
with mi stowt shipp a runnen in the breez
at fifty notts ann ovr ann u cood go
awl over yoorup on a crooze uno
ann so u otto think uv it befoar
u say fairwel ann we must meat no moar.

ur i mite winn an airesse ann sheed di
ann leeve me awl hur munney ann thenn i
wood kum to u ann say hear is mi hand
ann forchune ann weed fli to sum far land
far frum hur fokes ann sumtimes drop a teer
too think how kind she was too leeve us hear
with awl hur munney. ann moast every day
weed seek hur graive ann lay a big bokay
uv roases thare ann sheed look down frum ware
shee was ann bless us wile weere standen thare.

u dowl me now butt everybuddy nose
that riches kum sumtimes just like a rose
thatt opuns in a singul nite. ann thenn
iff u shood turn me down thiss time why wenn
u are grone up ann see me goen bi
with welth in awl mi pockets ure bloo eye
wood fill with tears ann u wood want to kum
ann chainge ure mind but pride wood keep u dumm
ann thenn ure hart wood brake ann in the gloom
weed go in sorro to ovr cheerluss toom.



"I WANTO TEL U THISS SOZE U WILL NO
THE TROOTH UV ITT"

Of the Undefeated Gladiator.

he says he lickt me but he didd not tell
wot i have dun to him. i mite uz well
say i lickt him. he onley toar my close
ann i give him a turble bluddy noase
wich henry beamus sedd maid itt a tie
betwene uss ann the beefstake on mi eye
is ware i fel dounstares. he neavur hitt
mee in the eye a tall ur thott uv itt
untill he saw me yessturde ann so
he toald u thatt becaws u didnt no.

i doo nott kare wott uthers think butt o
i wanto tel u thiss soze u will no
the trooth uv itt. ann hennry beamus sedd
he coodunt lick wun side uv me. instedd
uv lickin me heez gladd too quit ann wenn
we stopt too rest ann was too start agenn
he sedd he hadd sum choars too doo ann so
he coodunt fite no moar thatt day uno.
ann wenn he seez me now heez so ascard
he coodunt fite me eaven iff he dared.

i woodunt be ascard uv him iff he
was twict uz big uz now ann wenn i sea
him on the way to skool agenn ile maik
him taik back wott he sedd fore ure deer saik.
i no the beefstake looks uz tho i mite
have gott it becaws i have hadd a fite
butt u can ast mi muther ann sheel say
she putt it on hurself the uther day
becaws i fell dounstares. butt she doant no
i hadd a fite so please doant tell hur so.



"U MITE GO FURST"

Of the Buried Romance Brought to Use.

feer nott swete made. iff teecheer asts u wi
ure lait too skool i wil tel hur thatt i
am awl too blaim fore getten u too go
the longust way ann walken offle slo.
purhapps she was a gurl hursel ann wenn
i tel hur thatt sheel dreem uv yuth agen
ann sum fare ladd she yoostoo no befoar
he wennt away ann marcht off to the war
too di a hearos deth ann now she hass
too teeche becaws he left hur a loan lass.

u neavur no wott sorrose peepul hide
beneeth a plane ann sturn looken outside.
she fritens uss butt maybe wuns she hadd
a harrt like u butt wenn hur soljer ladd
kum hoam awl rapt inn the old flagg she kride
so mutch becaws heez dedd hur harrt awl dride
upp like a nutt. ann so she saddly goze
throo life a wippen uss to dround hur woze.
butt iff u onley tutch hur harrt ino
she wood foargiv uss fore she luvd him so.

u mite go furst ann i wil wate ann see
frum heeren hur iff thares a chanst fore me
too tutch hur harrt bi taken awl the blaim
soze wenn she looks att u ann cawls ure naim
i kann rize upp ann say no tutch hur nott
i am too blaim fore itt no mattur wott
u doo too me. butt o i wisht i noo
iff itt wood tutch hur uz itt otto doo
ur wil she be jusst koald ann harrd ann say
sheel lick uss boath fore beein lait tooday.



"ANN WUNS SHE LETT ME SITT WITH AMIE JOANS."

Of the Enforced Company of Amy Jones.

sumtimes wenn we are crouded teecheerll lett
uss sitt togeathur fore a wile too gett
moar room fore sum noo skollars till the bored
getts lasst yeers tackses pade soze too afored
sum moar noo seets. ann wuns she lett me sitt
with amie joans ann o the joy uv itt
will neavur di. itt was so turble nice
it didunt seme like skool butt parradice
ann amie sedd iff itt kood be thatt way
sheed go too skool foreavur ann a day.

owr bench was smal butt neathur uv uss kared
fore kumfort ann awl studdie owrs we shaired
the sainm geogafee ann wenn itt's noon
and foreoclock itt seemed too kum too soon
fore boath uv uss. ann wenn itt kum resess
i sedd letts studdie ann she wisspured yess.
ann wuns i roat i luv u onn hur slait
ann she jusst blusht ann i sedd do u hait
me now ann she sedd she hadd redd sumware
faint hart wood neavur winn a lady fare.

ann i tolled teecheer wenn the noo seets kum
she kood have mine fore sum poor skollar frum
the country hoo was bashfull ann ide stay
rite ware i was ann gett along sumway.
ann thenn she sedd itt's offle nice ann swete
fore me too offer too give upp my seet
but she wood tri too ficks itt soze too lett
me have a seet aloan ann nott too frett.
she duzent seme too understand how we
wood like itt bettur iff sheed lett uss be.



"SHE MAY UV SEEN ME SWEEPEN OWT THE KANDY STOAR"

Of Love Irrepressible.

i wunder if she kood uv hurd i got
a dollur fore mi dog ann that is wott
maiks hur so swete to me wenn she goze bi
with sutch a funney twinkul in hur eye
ann seez me stannden on the poarch uz tho
sheez kwite a bit imprest with me uno.
ur is it jusst becaws ime fare to sea
that she looks in acrost the fense at me
ann smiles uz tho sheed like to speak ann yet
she kant becaws she nose weeve neavur met.

purhaps she may uv hurd uv me befoar
ur seen me sweepen owt the kanndy stoar
ann fel in luv with me befoar she noo
i had a sent on urth or eaven hoo
i mite uv bin. she looks uz tho she mite
uv fel in luv with me at the furst site
ann in hur moddust glanns she trize to tel
how she is helld beneeth the mitey spel
uv manley bewty ann wood gladdly go
to skool with me becaws she luvs me so.

uv korse it maybe she has hurd i got
a dollur fore mi dog ann that is wott
ledes hur to smile at me in hoaps that i
wil fawl a vicktum to hur smiles ann bi
hur lemmenade ann kanndy ann iskream
but it semes hardly possibul sheed dreme
uv sutch a thing uz munney — sheez so fare
ann moddust looken uz if she wood shair
the woze uv povurty withowt a grone
if she kood have u fore hur very own.



"SHE IS SICK IN BEDD ANN
I DOANT KAIR TO SEA"

Of the Measles and the Martyrdom.

i mite uv seen the unkel tomm but no
i wood not look becaws u koodunt go
ann wenn thay had the strete paraid i thott
uv u in bedd with meezles burnen hott
ann kloased mi eyes soze i kood help to shair
ure sufferens. ann o ime gladd to bare
sum sorro too witch onley goze to sho
how mutch weel do fore thoas we luv uno
ann o the trooest luv thats eavur knone
is sutch a sackrifice uz i uv shone.

it was a splenndid sho ann ide uv kride
so hennry beamus sedd wenn eva dide
ann ware ime stannden owt in frunt i hurd
the bludhownds bark but neavur eaven sturd
wenn hennry beamus ast me if ide kair
too stand up on his bocks ann look frum thare
intoo the windo ann i mite uv stood
up thare ann seen the hoal sho jusst uz good
uz if i am inside but i sedd she
is sick in bedd ann i doant kair to sea.

ann hennry beamus sedd sutch luv is rair
uz goald ur preshus jooels wenn u tare
ure hart rite owt uz i did jusst to sho
wenn u are sick ann sufferen uno
thares no joy in the wurd fore me. i mite
uv lookt intoo the windo every nite
ann u wood neavur no. but how kood i
look afturwurds intoo ure bigg bloo eye
ann no that wenn ure in sutch agguny
ide spennt mi nites in joy ann revulry.



"HUR FAWTHERS GOT A BETTUR JOBB ANN
DRAGD HUR OFF"

Of Love the Forsaken.

hur fokes have moved. purhapps ile neavur sea
 hur fais agenn ur wenn i doo sheel be
 sumbuddy elses wife ann wil foarget
 the happie daze uv yuth wenn we furst met.
 purhapps ile suffur foar a littul wile
 ann hardly feal uz tho iwantoo smile
 ur ete mi meels but it wil pass away
 til ime rezined ann wil beginn to play
 ann ete agenn foar hungur musst be fedd
 tho life is sadd ann luv is koald ann dedd.

thare howse is dark. the kurtens are awl down.
 thayve mooved away intoo anuther town
 becaws hur fawthurs got a bettur jobb
 ann dragd hur off. wott if a krewel sobb
 was in hur throte ann bittur tears wood stream [seam
 down hur pale cheeks. things are nott wott thay
 ann she musst follo ware hur fawther ledes
 ann he musst go away becaws he nedes
 the munney witch heez goen too gett ann tho
 hur hart may brake sheez simpley got to go.

o luv u seam to kutt no ise at awl
 ware munney is. ann tho ure hart may cawl
 in angwish sutch uz u kann hardly bare
 uve gott to brake ure yuthful vowze ann tare
 ure hart owt uv ure boozem with a sobb
 becaws ure fawthers got a bettur jobb
 in sum noo town. shee stood ann waived at me
 owt uv the trane until i koodunt sea
 hur farey foarm no moar. adoo adoo.
 o luv this wurd is not the plais foar u.



"THE RANE STOFT AWL MI TRAIID"

Of the Bankruptcy of the Rain.

goodbi swetehart. ive losst mi peenut stannd
at the faregrownds ann in sum forren land
purhapps i may foarget but eaven thenn
mi life wil neavur be the saim agenn.
but wether ime beneeth the reddhot ski
uv troppick lands ur ware the iseburgs li
agenst the poal ule be mi giden starr
like ware the wize menn seen it frum afarr
ann maybee uz i travul i will send
a posstul kard to sho ime stil a frend.

i wood uv maid mi forchune at the fare
but since it raned moast every day ime thare
nobuddy stopt to bi um in the wett
ann i have losst mi awl ann am in dett
fore paper sax ann mennu uther things.
o wott a lot uv wo missforchune brings
wenn awl ure welth is swallode up ann u
kant stopp the rane no mattur wott u doo
ann sit in mornfle sileuns day bi day
ann see ure savens sloly washt away.

purrhapps it was becaws ime prowde ann vane
uv ownen it ann that is wi the rane
stopt awl mi traid ann boud mi hotty hedd
intoo the dusst fore punnishmunt instedd.
i wood uv maid too sense a sack ann pade
up awl i ode ann maybee wood uv laid
a forchune bi ann ast u fore ure hand
but now i no ime poor ann wood not stand
no sho at awl ann so I kum to say
goodbi to u fore i musst haist away.



"WENN SHE GETS UP TO
SPEKE HUR PEACE"

Of the Upper Class Girl.

she gradjewaits tooday ann says goodbi
to skooldaze fore she nose it awl ann i
musst sea hur go far owt upon the way
uv life aloan wile i kan onley stay
fore yeers ann yeers until i reech the spott
ware she stands now. ann then ile be foargott
bi hur hoo i have wurshipt awl these yeers
in sileunce. i will look at hur throo teers
wenn she gets up to speke hur peace ann o
wot i will suffer she will neavur no.

o krewel fait that kums betwene uss too.
jusst uz ime getten started she is throo
ann wenn ime throo ann gradjewait sheel be
far owt sumwares upon lifes stormy see
purhapps a teecheen skool ur sellen lace
ann rubbuns in sum far far disstunt plaice
ur riten shoarthand in sum dinnjie room
frum ate oclock to five till awl the blume
is flone frum hur pale cheeks ann i will cawl
o ware is she but sheel not here at awl.

so wen she gradjewaits ann gets fine flours
frum frends ann rellitives the happie owrs
that i have dreemed uv hur will awl be gone
like ottum leeves a bloen down the laun.
day aftur day ile kum back hear ann spend
the dreerie owrs ann wunder if the end
will eavur kum. the yeers will slolie pass
until ime in the gradjewaitin klass
but wil she here me ur will she be dumm
wenn i cawl out wate luv i kum i kum.



"SHE MUSST TAIK HUR CHOICE UV ME ANN REDD"

Of the Vengeance of Unrequited Affection.

sum day ile be so ritch ann doo so well
at maken munney i kan bi ann sell
awl uv hur fokes ann reddy browns fokes too
ile own a steemyot with a splennidid croo
ann wile ime croozen upp ann down the kost
i wunder then witch wun sheel luv the moast
ann wish that she had married wenn i sedd
that she musst taik hur choice uv me ann redd
ann she took him ann awl thats left to me
is venjunce on um fore thare tretchery.

o i wil wate ann get a morgidge on
hur fawthers howse ann wenn his munneys gone
ile foareloase on thare hoamstedd ann thale haff
to go away ann aftur that ile laff
a turble eavul laff aun reddy brown
woant have no munney ann ile hunt him down
ann tel him uv mi venjunce ann heel gritt
his teeth ann raige ann maybee have a fitt
ann wring his hannds in mizzery ann raive
at me but ile be krewel uz the graive.

ann biunby sheel kum to me sum day
ware i am rollen in mi welth ann say
hur hart is broak ann reddy browns in jale
fore beein drunk ann i will sea how pale
hur fais is then ann i will taik mi pen
ann rite a thowsund dollur check ann then
ile give hur that but neavur let hur no
ime eaven thinken uv the longuggo
ann sho hur owt the bewtiful frunt dore
uz tho ide neavur seen her fais befoar.



..ANN AWL U DOO
WENN U ARE MADD U SIMPLY RUN UM THROO "

Of the True Knighterrantry.

if it was like the oalden daze ide run
 him throo with mi sharp sord ann wenn its dun
 ann he lade on the gras ann breethed his lasst
 ide wipe mi sord ann wenn ime goen passt
 ide tel him it is dannjerous to flurt
 with sum wun elses gurl ur ule get hurt
 ann he wood no the turble turble price
 heed pade fore tryen to be swete ann nice
 too amy joans ann wenn heez dedd ide go
 to amy joanses hoam ann tel hur so.

but nowadaze u dair not run um throo
 but u kan yoose an otto witch if u
 no how is jusst uz fatul but u pay
 a fine uv twenty dollurs ann u may
 not have the munney so u hafftoo go
 to jale fore maybee twenty daze uz tho
 ure jusst a kommun krimminle. but wenn
 u yoostoo yoose a sord ann fite wi thenn
 ure neavur find at awl witch goze to sho
 how mutch moar preshus hewman beeins gro.

o fore the daze uv robbun hood wenn nites
 were offle braiv ann hadd so menny fites
 thare awl skarred up but happie uz a lark
 ann sumtimes killed a duzen befoar dark
 witch maiks a splenndid book. ann awl u doo
 wenn u are madd is simpley run um throo
 ann leev um skatturd awl abowt to sho
 the terrur uv ure mitey arm uno
 ann ladies fare hoo see um layen dedd
 will put a reeth uv lorrel on ure hedd.



“TAIK A CHARE ANN LOOK INTO A BOOK”

Of the Bursting Chrysalis.

wenn u taik hur to parrties ann u go
to hur frunt dore ann ring the bel uz tho
ure stedly kumpuny ann ast if she
is reddy yet ann walk rite in ann see
the parler awl litt up ann taik a chare
ann look into a book thats layen thare
u kant help looken bak to wenn u plade
in hur back yard fore then u alwus stade
owtside the howse ann neavur dremed uv how
sumday ude be ware u are sitten now.

ann bi ann bi hur muther kums ann says
its hard fore hur to hook hur dotters dress
she fijjits so but she wil soon be doun
ann asts u if thares enny nooze in toun
ann tretes u like ure grone becaws uve gott
a standen kollur on witch semes kwite hott
becaws u are not yoostoo it. ann mi
it hardly semes she yoostoo give u pi
frum the back dore ann ast if u doant fere
ure muthers wurried becaws u are here.

ann in an owr ur too hur dotters drest
ann looks so bewtiful ure skairt unlest
sheel faid away befoar ure verry eyes
ann everybuddy in the parler trize
to maik u feal at hoam until ure gone.
ann then u rize ann put ure hatt back on
ann help hur doun the stepps ann ast if u
kant taik hur arm ann sheez delited too.
ann awl ure pairunts wunnder ann befoar
thay no u are not childurn enny moar.



"ANN WURSHUP IT WENN
U ARE AWL ALOAN"

Of the Consuming Passions of Eighteen.

if u kood marrie awl the gurls u fawl
in luv with frum the time wenn u are smal
until u are grone up ude hafftoo be
a moarmun ur be kott fore biggumy
ann put in jale. ann tho ure hart is soar
frum loozen wun a hundered times ur moar
ann u think u wil neavur smile agenn
purhapps its onley fore the besst ann wenn
u are ateen ann boyhood daze are passt
u no ure reely depe in luv at lasst.

o thenn ure uther luvs awl faid away
like doo upon the gras ann u kan say
u neavur reely noo befoar how depe
ann turble is ure pashun ann u slepe
upon hur fotograf ann kis it wenn
u go to slepe ann wenn u rise agenn
ann put it on the bewro in ure room
propt up agenst the bottul uv perfyoom
ann wurshup it wenn u are awl aloan
like heethen hoo bow down to wood ann stoan.

o happie daze uv yuth wenn u doant kair
if bredd ann wotter is to be ure shair
uz long uz she is troo to u ann u
are gladd u neavur lurnt to smoak ur choo
witch is a turble vice. ann aftur wile
ule gro so ritch that she kan live in stile
bekummen hur grate bewty ann woant nede
too wasshadish ur do a thing but rede
the fashun noats ann ware fine kloase ann go
too theeaturs becaws u luv hur so.



"ANN WENN SHE HOALDS THE PANN FORE HIM TO PORE
HE HARDLIE THINKS HE KANN HE TREMBULS SO."

Of the Beginnings of Romance.

sheez noo to me but hennry beamus sedd
hur fokes are ritch ann bi thare milk instedd
uv kepe a kow ann that is how he met
thare dotter furst becaws hur pairunts get
thare milk frum hennrys fokes ann he is madd
at furst becaws his muther sedd he had
too karrie milk but now heez glad to go
becaws she hoalds the pann fore him uno
soze he kann pore ann hennry says she may
invight him up to cawl on hur sum day.

ann wuns the wethers offle bittur koald
ann wenn hur muther saw him thare she tolled
him too kum in ann worm himself ann maid
him taik a donut ann he sedd he stade
a haffanowr. ann o he sedd that he
wood karrie milk awl throo eturnite
to be with hur a haffanowr. ann wenn
its time to go she gave him wun agenn
to ete at hoam butt he has got it yett
to kepe foreavur soze he woant foregett.

ann hennry sedd u offen reed in books
uv how luv starts like that. ann sedd it looks
to him uz tho thare senden him to taik
the milk up thare was provvidunce to maik
a swete romannce. ann wenn she hoalds the pann
fore him to pore he hardlie thinks he kann
he trembul so. ann wuns he spilt it awl
upon the flore ann let the milk pale fawl
his mitey luv maid him so week ann frale
wenn she is neer he koodunt hoald the pale.



"URE FAIS WIL KUM BEFOAR ME REETHED IN FLOURS
LIKE WE HAV GETHERED MENY HAPPY OWRS"

Of the Farewell to the Rustic Lass.

owr dreem is dun. tomorro I musst go
back hoam becaws mi skool begins uno
ann awl ile bare away frum this deer plais
is freckuls ann the thotts uv ure swete fais
too be mi inspirashun wenn i starrt
too skool agen. Butt o mi aken hart
will pine fore u hear on ure fawthers farm
with piggs ann kows ann everything too charm
dul kair away ann maik the wurd seme fare
with gorgus roases bloomen everyware.

the wurd wil neavur seme the saim too me
ann wenn ime bizzy with mi jogafee
ure fais wil kum befoar me reethed in flours
like we hav gethered menny happy owrs
ann ile foargett abowt mi books ann thenn
uz like us nott i wil gett liekt agen
becaws i doo nott bownd the stait uv mane
wenn teeher asts me too. but o the pane
uv itt wil pass butt ure swete fais will stay
inn memmury foareavur ann a day.

purhapps i wil kum back anuther yeer
wen skool is owt agen ann find u hear
still troo too me uz u are now altho
the hired mann wood like too hav u go
too husken beez ann things with him butt u
wil look att him with skorn ann ule be troo.
ann o the buckweet caiks thatt we hav ett
at brekfust time I neavur wil foargett
wile life shal lasst ann hunney on um too
wil surely keap me troo uz steal too u.



"SHE GOZE A-DRIVEN BI A WL DREST IN HANSUM CLOSE"

Of the Softening Grace of the Lass.

she nose mi pants are patcht becaws i tolled
hur we are poor ann awl mi close are old
ann if sheez sennsitive she duz not need
to walk to skool with me. but she says sheed
a good deel sooner eaven if mi close
are patcht than with moast enny boy she nose
becaws ine troo uz steel ann she kan lett
me taik hur books ann no thay wont get wett
in enny kind uv wether rainershine
ann so i karry hurs uz well uz mine.

it yoostoo be ide always want too fite
wenn enny wun maid fun uv me. but lite
has kum to me throo hur ann i resisst
the hott desire to dubble up mi fisst
ann maik um taik it back. ann then sheel taik
mi arm ann say hur muther baiked a kake
with razens in ann maybee if we go
rite hoam sheed cutt a peace fore uss ann so
mi sorroze are awl drouned in the see
uv kindness witch is floen over me.

it maybee aftur wile she wil gro prowd
ann hotty ann foargett awl uv the croud
she yoostoo go with wenn sheez yung ann fare
ann be a hansum woomen with hur hare
dun hi up on hur hedd. ann wen she goze
a-driven bi awl drest in hansum close
ann i am standen in the rode ile say
i yoostoo walk to skool with hur wun day
ann awl uv um wil stare ann look at me
ann wunder how that sutch a thing cood be.



"SHE SEDD
BOYS ARE NO GOOD BUTT SHE LIKES CATTS INSTEDD"

Of the Coming Big Leaguer.

she says she doant like boys butt u just bett
iff she cood see me turn a summersett
ur swimmen cleer acrost uv joanses crick
sheed change hur mind abowt it mitey kwick.
she duz nott no thatt i hav walked acrost
owr yard on a slakk wire ann neavur lost
mi balluns wuns ann iff she eavur sees
me chinn myself uppon the hi trapeeze
sheel no she was too hastie wenn she sedd
boys are no good butt she likes catts instedd.

purhapps the trubble is the boys she nose
are awl the kind thatt onley wares fine close
butt have no reckered too be prowld uv. wenn
she heers ime pitchen in the bawl teem then
sheel onley be too glad to no mi naim
ann speke too me. butt i wil say mi faim
brings sutch a lott uv gurls too see me ime
afrade i reely havent gott the time
to ride hoam in hur carridge butt i may
find time too stopp ann talk sum uther day.

iff she cood see me praktissen too maik
mi mussels hard ur iff sheed see me brake
a string bi bringen upp mi arm sheed no
i am no commun stuff. ann i can thro
too kinds uv curves ann sumday i wil bee
in the bigg leeg ann she wil kum to see
me shutt um owt ann weun the gaim is wun
sheel send fore me to kum ann say wel dun
ann she ann awl hur frends wil be so gladd
to think she noo me wenn ime butt a ladd.



"ANN AFTERWURDS WENNEVER HE WOOD SEE
HIS MUTHERNLAW HEED SITT ANN THINK UV ME"

Of the Loyalty of Fidus Achates.

he is mi chumm ann fore his saik ide waid
throo seeze uv bludd ann with mi trusstie blaid
ide fite mi way to himm throo bluddy foze
ann dedd wuns layen awl around in roze
like sheeves uv weet. togeathur we wood stand
like hearos fiten bravly handinhand
ann iff he dide wile we was fiten thare
ide kill um everywun ann neavur spair
a singul enemee ann thenn ide fawl
upon mi sord in greef ann end it awl.

ur iff were cast upon sum deasurt ile
with onley wotter fore a littul wile
ann too seebiskets ann a kegg uv rumm
to keep us frum starvashun i wood kum
up too the bedd ware he was layen awl
a burnen upp with feavur ann ide cawl
his naim so sofft ann swete ann thenn ide pore
the preshus wotter till we hadd no moar
down his parcht throate ann i wood drink the rumm
ann di uv thurst becaws he is mi chumm.

ur iff weere on a sinken shipp and we
cood onley wun uv us be saived ann he
wood tel me to go furst i wood say no
uve gott a wife ann muthernlaw so go
ann ile go down with this good shipp ann slepe
a hearos slepe down in the briny deep
ann he wood raze a stoan abuv mi graiv
ware i am sleepen underneeth the waiv
ann afterwurds wennevur he wood see
his muthernlaw heed sitt ann think uv me.



"U THINK U NEAVUR
WIL BUTT THENN U DOO"

Of the Weakness of Good Resolutions.

wenn u have toald hur awl abowt ure past
ann how ure luv fore gurls wood neavur last
til u mett hur ann how u yoostoo go
with uther gurls too pass the time uno
ann she looks rite upp inn ure fais ann then
asts u pleez neavur doo thatt way agenn
iff u have enny luv fore hur uno
u allmoast kri too think u ackted so
ann wenn u here hur vois so fond ann troo
u think u neavur wil butt thenn u doo.

ann iff she seez u smoak a siggurett
ann wenn u see hur neckst hur eyes are wett
with tears uv dissuppointmunt ann she krize
uz iff hur hart wood brake too think uv lize
thatt u have toald hur wenn u toald hur u
wood neavur neavur lurn too smoak ur choo
becaws u luvd hur so ann she says thenn
u mussent eavur doo thatt way agenn
iff u have enny luv fore hur thatts troo
u think u neavur wil butt thenn u doo.

ur iff u gett a licken inn ure klass
becaws the teecher sedd she saw u pass
a noat a maken funn uv hur ann taiks
hur rooler down frum off hur desk ann maiks
u stand rite upp befoar um awl ann gett
the licken u desurve she luvs u yett
altho she is ashaimed uv u ann wenn
skools owt she hoaps u woant doo thatt agenn
iff u luv hur att awl ann wenn sheez throo
u think u neavur wil butt thenn u doo.



"ANN KEPE HIM IN SUM DUNGEN TILL HE TOALD
WARE HE HADD HIDD HIS GRONEN HORDE UV GOALD"

Of the Aspirations of Youth.

ide ruther be a pirut cheef than go
too skool awl day ann lurn wi things are so
ur be a capten uv sum robber band
knone farrannwide awl over the brodd land
ann help too capchure sum ritch bankur hoo
had robbed the widdose ann the orfunns too
ann kepe him in sum dungen till he toald
ware he hadd hidd his gronen horde uv goald
ann afftur we hadd robbed him uv his stoar
uv welth tel him too go ann sinn no moar.

ur iff u are a pirut u kann ride
the waivs inn ure stowt shipp ann gett a bride
frum sum old inglish friggut filled with rumm
ann misshunaries awl a goen frum
thare nativ shoars too heethen lands to taik
theese blessens too the heethen fore the saik
uv thare deer soles witch are nott saived. ann wenn
ude drunk the rumm awl upp ann maid the menn
awl walk the plank ude skuttel hur ann fli
ure skulanncroasbones too the suthern ski.

thenn wenn ude maid ure forchune u kood bi
sum rair old country plais sumware ann di
with frends ann naburs sitten awl abowt
ure bedd ann rellitivs a finden owt
how mutch ure wurth ann wunderen iff u
foargott um inn ure wil like ritch menn doo
wenn ure inn nede uv munney. butt ude hide
ure welth upon sum iland att lo tide
inn a bigg chest befoar u past away
soze no wun finds itt till this verryday.



"PURHAPPS ILE BE A SKOWT UPON THE PLANES"

Of Youth's Ambitious Fires.

he cawls me bubb ann duz not seme to no
that tho ime smal ive got a chanst to gro
ann sum day wenn ime famus heel be gladd
to think he noo me wenn ime but a ladd.
purhapps ile be a skowt upon the planes
like buffo bil with turble bluddy stanes
upon mi kloase frum fiten savvidge foze
ann be so grate that everybuddy nose
abowt mi dedes ann wunder if its so
i am the ladd thay noo so long uggo.

ur i maybee the leeder uv a band
witch marches bi with mewsick offle grand
ann swete to heer ann wenn thay kum to sea
thale no ive got the propper stuff in me
witch maiks sucksess ann thay wil kum ann say
i noo u wenn ure butt a boy wun day
ann yoostoo cawl u bubb ann neavur noo
u hadd sutch jeenyus. ann the peepul hoo
maid fun uv me wenn i am smal wil sea
how ritich ann famus i uv grone to be.

ur i maybee conducter uv a trane
ur be a pirut on the spannish mane
ur kappten uv a bawl teem witch has wun
the pennunt wenn the playen seezens dun
ur menney uther famus things ann pore
mi munney owt like wotter ann get moar
bi onley drawen chex. ann then ile go
to the olled town i yoostoo live too sho
mi dimund studds ann awl the fokes wil stair
ann tel thare boys i yoostoo wuns live thare.



"I'LE BE A BOY NO MOAR
BUT PROBABLY FLOREWALKER IN A STOAR"

Of the Self-made Merchant Prince.

purrhapps the time wil kum sumday wenn i
wil have to urn mi liven ann musst bi
the kloase i ware ann pay mi bored ann say
farewel to the olled hoam ime in tooday.
o sollum thott. ile be a boy no moar
but probubly florewalker in a stoar
with wacks on mi musstash ann curley hare
ann hafftoo no it awl ann tel um ware
the bargin kownter is ann hafftoo smile
on every wun ann steer um down the ile.

ann then at nite ile reed soze i wil no
the bizness like a book frum top to toe
untill ime taken in the furm ann shair
the proffuts ann if ive got time to spair
purrhapps ile marrie sum ritch widdo hooze
kwite ankshus fore a hoam ann lets me yooze
hur munney in the bizness ann ile own
a bigg ten storey bilden awl aloan
ann be a murchunt prinns becaws i kep
the goalden rool ann wurkt up step bi step.

ann then purrhapps ile rite a book ann tel
the growen yuth how i have dun so wel
bi keepen urley owrs ann how to be
a selfinaid man bi strikt ekonnumy
ann saven every sent but if u gett
a widdo hooze got munney bettur yett.
ann wen ime olled ile be a millyunair
ann look back on mi urley life uv kair
ann no that mi sucksess shoze uthers how
to reech the dizzie hites ware i am now.



"ANN UZ WE SPINN ALONG THE STRETES ILE SAY
THARE IS THE SKOOL I YOOSTOO GO WUN DAY"

Of the Rosy Dreams of Youth.

sumtime i wil kum back to this olled town
ware i am liven now ann ile stepp down
frum the big otto witch ime riden in
ann wunder if its troo ide eavur bin
a boy in this small plais ann wunder how
i eavur stood it here wenn i am now
a sitty bannkur ur the prezzadunt
uv sum bigg ralerode hoo has kum to hunt
his poor relashuns up ann tel um thenn
thale neavur nede to wantt fore bredd agenn.

ann uz we spinn along the stretes ile say
thare is the skool i yoostoo go wun day
ann thares the crick ware we went swimmen wenn
the trane went throo ann hattoo dive agenn
until its owt uv site ann thares the plais
i furst lookt intoo amys joanses fais
ann sedd i luvd hur butt sheez married now
ann lives abuv the buttcher shopp ann how
it neerly broak mi hart wenn amys sedd
sheez goen to taik the buttchers boy instedd.

purhapps i mite go intoo amys stoar
to see if she wood no me ennymoar
ann bi boloney sossidge jusst to thro
hur ann hur huzbend off the sent uno.
ann then ide say u doant remembur me
ann tel hur hoo i am ann she wood be
supprized to no that i had dun so well
ann wen she saw how i am drest so swell
sheed think uv the olled daze ann no that in
owr life its sadd to think wott mite uv bin.



"THE GRATE DISSGRAISE"

Of the Love that Overcometh All.

wenn u have got a patch u wantoo hide
in the back uv ure pance ann u have tride
to kepe ure frunt side foarmoast ann then she
stands u up in the korner soze ule be
in frunt uv awl the skollurs with ure fais
toworeds the blackbored o the grate dissgraise
is moar than u kan bare ann wenn u here
the childurn laff u reeulize how deer
ure missbehaven kosst ann wisht u noo
befoar u did how shee wood punnish u.

if she had sent u hoam u woodunt kare
but o to think that u are stannden thare
like sum hewge joak becaws the turble patch
thats in ure trowsers back thare duzent match
bi haffamile ann amy joans kan sea
the sollum emblum uv ure poverty
so turble plane befoar hur verry eyes
wenn in ure luv foar hur u toald hur lize
abowt ure pairunts welth ann now she seez
u kant be ritch ann ware sutch pance uz theeze.

ann wenn u go back to ure seet u lay
ure hedd uppon ure desk ann u doant play
wenn its resess but like a lepper u
sit awl aloan ann doant no wott to doo
to wipe owt ure dissgraise ann amy joans
kums up to u ann in hur sweetust toans
tels u to neavur mind she luvs u stil
ann o ure haggert eyes look up ann fil
with happie tears. sutch luv uz hurs wil be
a giden starr awl throo eturnite.



"I NO HE DROO HER PICKCHURE ON
THE BORED"

Of the Secret Brotherhood.

i no he droo hur pickchure on the bored
wenn she was gone to dinner ann he pored
read peppur on the stoav ann put a snaik
intoo the wotter pail soze it wood maik
the skollurs skreme but she doant no that we
belong to the saim brutherhood ann he
nose i wil neavur tel on him ann so
she nede not ask fore she will neavur no
that it was him. becaws ive sworn u sea
wild hoarses wil not dragg it owt uv me.

ann if i broak a windo ann he noo
i didd it he wood hafftoo be uz troo
uz i have bin to him ann he wood shedd
the last dropp uv his blud befoar he sedd
that it was me ann if he tolled he mite
be flade alive befoar tomorrow nite
bi uthers uv the brutherhood hood kum
at dedd uv nite withowt the bete uv drum
ann kapchure him ware he hidd in his room
ann bare him off to mete his turble doom.

ann henury beamus says that he doant dare
to hardly wisspur seacruts too the air
fore feer sumbuddy hurd um ann thade maik
him go jusst like a marrtur to the stake.
ann up in hennrys fawthers barn ware we
hold awl owr meetens thares a skul to sea
ann sho u wott wood happun if u brake
the othe witch everybuddy hasstoo taik
ann kis the almanack ann sware to be
a loyal bruther till eturnite.



"HE SMILES AT HUR ANN NEAVUR SEMES TO SEA
THE VIPUR THAT IS BEEIN NURST IN ME"

Of the Thoughtless Soda Clerk and His Impending Doom.

he clurks in joansez stoar ann wenn she goze
in thare fore iskream soda i suppoas
he thinks he hass too smile at hur ann speke
to urn the pay jones gives him every weke.
he duz not seme too no that she is mine
but stands ann grinns like a tuthpowder sine
awl sented up with hare oyle ann colone.
ude think the kanndy stoar was awl his own
too sea him bough ann alwus here him say
wot wil the littul lady have tooday.

i thott at furst ide hitt him but u sea
ide get in jale fore salten battery
ann she wood be aloan ann he mite tri
to thro a kiss at hur wenn ime not bi.
so i have kepp mi temper wenn heed pass
in frunt uv uss ann look intoo the glass
ann brush his hare befoar he wennt to gett
owr iskream soda fore uss. but u bett
that biunbi the day will kum wenn he
wil wisht heed bin moar thottful abowt me.

fore i am saven every sent i gett
too bi owt joansez stoar. ile own it yett.
i saved ten sense lass weke ann every day
ile tri to put a sent ur too away
ann wenn ive got it awl ann nede no moar
ile tel ole joans ive kum to bi the stoar
ann then ile fire that clurck so doggon kwick
heel think heez bin struck bi a thowsund brick.
he smiles at hur ann neavur semes to sea
the vipur that is beein nurst in me.



"ANN SHEEL BELLEAVE MOAST EVERY
WURD I SAY"

Of the Blessedness of Dreams.

wenn i sit on the walk with hur ann lay
mi slait ann books aside upon the way
to skool ann tel hur awl mi happie dreems
uv faim ann forchune wi it almoast seams
thare aint no sadnuss in the wuld att awl
ann wenn the skoolhows bell begins to cawl
uss back to dooty we must lay aside
the preshus dreems witch we have just untide
like pickchure books frum off a krismuss tree
with pickchures o so brite ann fare to see.

but o wott cumfurt it is wenn we no
thatt tho the klock hands moov so turble slo
the time will kum wenn skool is owt ann thenn
weel open up ovr pickchure books agen.
thenn she wil sit beside me the saim way
ann sheel beleave moast every wurd i say
wenn bi the strenth uv mi rite arm i sware
no kween ur prinsuss eaver lookt so fare
uz she duz now ann uz she didd look wenn
i saw hur furst wuld withowt end amen.

wott doo we kair how long the lessun seams
sum day weel cloase ovr books ann then ovr dreems
will awl kum troo ann then the skoolhows dore
will cloase behind uss boath foreavermoar
o sollum sollum thott. ann aftur wile
wenn we have settuld down ann maid ovr pile
weel see the littul children uz they pass
with books ann slaits upon thare way to klass
ann understand um better becaws thay
are onley u ann mee the uther day.



"WENN THE FITE IS OVER"

Of the Apotheosis of Henry Bemis.

he yoostoo taik mi hand wenn i am small
ann hardlie bigg enuf to fite at awl
ann say i am his chumm ann ennywun
hoo wanted to gett lickt kood get it dun
bi fiten me ann i wood hoald his kote
wile he wood go ann grabb um bi the throte
ann sho um awl how siunce wood prevale
agenst broot strenth ann afturwurds ime pale
fore feer he wood get lickt but i doant dair
to help him fite becaws it izent fare.

ann awl the time he aint askairt at awl
but hollered not to lett the marbuls fawl
owt uv his pockut witch is like a nite
hoos not askairt uv dyen in the fite
but onley thott uv wife ann child ann prade
that he had kepp his life inshoorunce pade.
ann wenn the fite is over he wood kum
ann slapp mi back ann say i am his chumm
ann ast me if his marbuls are awl thare
ann put his kote back on ann brush his hare.

ude think he wood get tired uv the way
he fott mi fites fore me moast every day
but he sedd itts a pleshur fore him too
ann he wisht he had nuthen else too doo
than to proteckt the week if he kood urn
his way throo skool ann wood not hafftoo lurn
arithmetick witch is a sturner fo
to uss than enny dannjur that we no
ann like sum dredd dizeeze will fell uss too
the urth in spight uv awl that we kann doo.



"I GOT RITE UP WENN HEEZ A WIPPEN HUR"

Of the Martyrdom of Love.

ive had stoa broozes ann the hives ann ive
bin stung bi beeze wile playen neer thare hive
ann wuns i fel down frum an appul tree
ann broak mi kollur boan ann skind mi nee
but neavur felt uz bad uz yessturde
wenn teecheer wippt mi gurl fore sumthen she
had dun in skool. i thott i koodunt stand
it wenn he slapt that rooler on hur hand
ann wenn she kride wi every teer she shedd
was like a hott kole fallen on mi hedd.

o wenn u luv a gurl like i luv hur
ann see hur getten wippt ure eyes jusst blurr
ann u jusst wisht ure bigg enuf to taik
the teecheer bi the kollur ann jusst braik
his rooler on ure neeze ann tel him heez
ure prizzener ann go down on his neeze
ann ast hur parrdun. but u are too smal
too lick the teecheer ur too help hur. awl
that u kann doo is gritt ure teeth ann pray
ule gro enuf too hammur him sumday.

but yessturde i got rite up wenn heez
a wippen hur ann i sed too him pleez
woant u wipp me ann let hur go. ann he
lookt funney at me ann sedd surtenly
ile wipp u if u want it sur. ann then
he wippt uss boath. o i was happy wenn
i noo that i was sharen awl hur pane.
uno a hearo is sumtimes insain
but thay get curridge frum thare luv ann taik
thare plais like marturs at a firey stake.



"HE STUDDIZE HARD TO KEPE REMOARSE AWAY"

Of the Diagnosis of Unwonted Industry.

heez offle smal ann is not mutch fore looks
but mi heez offle offle smart in books
ann neavur wisspurs in his seet ann so
he goze rite on wenn we doant pas uno.
ann wenn eksaminashun kums he maiks
a purrfeekt in his studdize ann he taiks
his books hoam nites ann duz the choars ann thenn
he studdize awl his lessuns untill tenn
ur twelve oklock ann wenn vakashun kums
heez sadd becaws thares no sutch thing uz sums.

nobuddy nose wott maiks him studdy so
but hennry beamus sedd it looks uz tho
sum seacrut krime was eetin owt his hart
ann that is wi he alwus kepes apart
frum awl uv uss ann goze to skool aloan
uz tho he hoaps purrhaps he kan atoaan
fore wott heez dun. ann hennry sedd he hurd
in oalden times how men doant speke a wurd
but bete thare brests ann ware korse kloase to sho
thare troo repentunce fore thare deeds uno.

ann hennry thinks he may uv drounded katts
ur tide a kann to sum good dog ann thats
the reezen wi he studdize hard to kepe
remoarse away untill he goze to slepe.
ann hennry sedd ure offen apptoo find
sum turble dede uv wikkednuss behind
grate ritechusness. ann in the dedd uv nite
u look up in his room ann sea a lite
ware heez at wurk ann o ure offle gladd
uve neavur dun a dede thats verry badd.



"WENN HE GOZE BI OWR HOWSE SUMTIMES I NO
HIS HAPPYNUSS IS AWL A HOLLO SHO"

Of the Dyspeptic Millionaire.

heez offle ritch ann simpley roals in welth
but if he hadd mi stummick ann good helth
soze he kood eet twelve pannkakes at a meel
with surrup on heed give it awl ann feal
heez ritcher thenn than he ud bin befoar.
he dassent eet a hoal pi ennymoar
ur eet hott biskitts sutch uz muther maiks
ann if he tride to eet hott griddul kakes
heed rithe in pane ann hafftoo go to bedd
wile i am goen owt to play instedd.

wenn he goze bi our howse sumtimes i no
his happynuss is awl a hollo sho
ann tho heez ritch ann life seams to be swete
heez hungrey fore a lot uv things to eet
witch he kannt have. ann o his mornfle eyes
jusst look at u ann seam to si fore pize
ann griddul kakes witch he kan eet no moar
ann onley boys have got the stummick fore.
ann awl his welth witch seams so grate to u
kannt doo a thing to maik his stummick noo.

heed like kornbeaf ann cabbidge but he dair
not eet a thing unless his dockters thare
too pick it owt wile for mi lunch i ett
twoo kinds uv pi ann awl that i kood get
to fill me up ann tho ime offle full
uv stuf witch is kwite indigesstibul
fore millyunairs i neavur eaven hadd
the stummickake fore witch i shood be gladd
ann lurn frum it that haven munney is
full uv regrets ann dissudvantidges.



"SHE SEDD
SHE KOOD NOT SEA WI WEERE NOT FREND'S"

Of Girlhood's Variable Moods.

she sedd she didunt luv me enny moar
but sinse ime wurken in the kanndy stoar
ann taik mi waiges part in traid she sedd
she kood not sea wi weere not frends instedd
uv ackten to eech uther jusst uz tho
weed neavur eeven met at awl uno.
ann she sedd it is wikked to pas bi
eech uther uz we doo ann maybee i
kood win hur back agenn now that ive shone
ime abul to support hur awl aloan.

she sedd she kood not bare to sea me go
abowt awl throo vakashun time uz tho
i had no gett up in me witch is wi
she wood not go with me but now if i
kann keep mi jobb a wile sheel wate ann sea
if maybee i have got good stuff in me.
ann then shee ast me if itt's reely troo
ime sick uv choklut kreems ann wott thay doo
with gummdropp's wenn thare olled ann how it semes
wenn u are reely sick uv choklut kremes.

sumtimes she maiks me wunder if i wurkt
in the steem londry ur i onley clurkt
in joanses lummbur yard wood she give me
anuther chanst uz she duz now to see
wott i am maid uv ur wood she be gladd
sheez ridd uv me ann say the littul ladd
hoo yoostoo go with hur has gonn to wurk
ann she kood neavur bare a koommun clurk
to wate on hur? o wimmen u are grand
but u are offle hard too understand.



"ANN LIKE THE FLOUR U BLUSH UNSENE ANN WARE
URE SWETENESS OWT UPON THE DEASURT AIR"

Of Dull Heroism's Poor Reward.

u are a hearo in the peepuls eyes
if u help the hoam teem to win the prize
ur if u win the otto rase ur doo
sum thing like that witch is no good to u
ur ennybuddy els but if u stay
at hoam ann doo the choars up every day
ann karrie ashus owt ann splitt the wood
nobuddy thinks that u are enny good
exsept purrhapps ure muther fore she goze
ann seez the woodbocks full ann thenn she nose.

ann o it maiks u sadd ann gives u pane
to no ure humbul toyle wil neavur gane
the frendship uv a gurl uz mutch uz if
ude nockt the uther footbawl player stiff
ann wun the gaim ann she wood kum ann tri
to kis ure hand ann nobuddy nose wi.
but she mite see u wurken every day
ann neavur tri to kis ure hand ur lay
a reeth upon ure hedd ann tri to maik
u luv ure daley toyle fore hur deer saik.

ur if u speke to hur with a blakk eye
witch u gott choppen wood sheel pass u bi
with koald ann hotty stair but if it kaim
frum ure grate tackul in the footbawl gaim
sheez onnurd with ure preasunce ann she goze
down the manestrete soze everybuddy nose
she is a frend to u. but if u doo
the choars at hoam she duz not notis u
ann like the flour u blussch unsene ann ware
ure swetenuss owt upon the deasurt air.



"ANN SUM WUN HOLLERS THAT THE FISHENS GOOD"

Of the Gnawed Vitals of the Spartan Lad.

wenn u are at the woodpile choppen wood
ann sum wun hollers that the fishens good
doun at the crick ur if thare playen bawl
in the neckst lot ann u kan here um cawl
too strikes ann here um chear ann holler slide
but u kant tel frum ware u are witch side
has the moast runns ure muther duzent no
the offle torchure u are in ann so
ure hart brakes siluntly but u doant stur
frum ware ure choppen wood fore feer uv hur.

ure like the sparrtun lad uv olled hoo let
it naw until his stummick was awl ett
ann wenn he dide thay saw the turble pane
he hadd becaws heez prowd ann woant complane
fore feer uv getten lickt ann so ure pride
woant let u leev the woodpile iff u dide
becaws she sedd u kant ann u kann feel
ure hart dri up in u ann wenn u neel
too karrie in the wood ure bittur themn
ann maik a vow ule neavur smile agenn.

ann aftur wile ure helth beginns to fale
ure eyes gro hollo ann ure thinn ann pale
ann eaven pi doant temt u frum ure vow.
ure muther puts hur soft hand on ure brow
ann asts u wotts the mattur but u say
o nuthen mutch ann rize ann walk away.
shee duz not no the turble seacrut greef
u churish in ure hart ann ude uz leef
be dedd uz nott soze on ure dethbedd thay
wood no the woodpile sapt ure life away.



"THE YUNG HEARO KUMS ANN SAYS DOANT FEE
ANN KUTTS AWL UV THARE THROTES FRUM EER TO EER"

Of the Lesson of the Melodrama.

wenn the poor blind gurl goze awl throo the sho
 ure hart jusst akes fore hur altho uno
 the villun will be kappchured ann no harm
 will kum to hur ann she will saive the farm
 ann marry the yung hearo hoo was troo
 uz steel to hur wenn things lookt offle bloo.
 ann wenn thay kum ann put the hannkuffs on
 the villun ann she tells him too beggone
 u no that wenn the stoarm uv life is passt
 feer nott fore vurchoo triumphs att the lasst.

ann o it kumfurts u wenn life is sadd
 to no ure like the poor blind gurl hoo hadd
 sutch turble luck ann wuns was almoast throne
 frum brooklin bridge ware she stood awl aloan
 becaws she was the airesse to the goald
 intoo the mornfle river dark ann koald.
 ann wuns sheez trapt intoo the kutthrotes denn
 with oarders not to let hur owt agenn
 wenn the yung hearo kums ann says doant feer
 ann kutts awl uv thare throtes frum eer to eer.

o u are happie then becaws it shoze
 that not a sparro fawls but wott he nose
 ann if thay ti hur too the ralerode rale
 soze she will be grownd up bi the fasst male
 uno that he is neer ann wenn the trane
 kums clost to hur he wreskews hur agenn.
 ann wenn the lasst seen kums ann brings sucksess
 ann she kums in in sutch a luvly dress
 u no wenn u are goen hoam owtside
 u shood not feer the good lored will provide.



"ANN RISK URE LIFE TOO STEEL
A WOTTERMELLUN"

Of the Waning of Love's Fires.

luv lassts awl throo ure life altho it may
not alwus be the gurl u luv tooday
ann hennry beamus says nobuddy nose
wott maiks it blossom in u like a roase
ann lasst a littul wile until u gett
the gurl u want ann then ure apptoo lett
the sakerud fire go owt ann steel away
frum hoam at nite becaws uwantoo play
a gaim uv poaker with ure frends too sho
that u are still wun uv the boize uno.

ann hennry says itt's like u crawl intoo
a mellun patch att nite ann go rite throo
the barbwire fense ann risk ure life too steel
a wottermellun thatt u almoast feal
uve gott to have ann wenn u go ann brake
it on a rock sumwares ann thenn u taik
a peace to eet ure alwus apptoo find
itt's green ann dissuppointmunts in ure mind
ann if u noo it was like thatt befoar
u wood not crawl to gett um enny moar.

ur els a gurl is apptoo think ule bee
a hearo awl ure life ann so wenn she
finds owt u smoak a siggurett in bed
ur leeve ure kloase arownd hur luv is dedd
to rise no moar ann wishes thatt she noo
befoar she promist shee wood marrie u
but now it is too lait ann in hur wo
hur muther kums ann says shee tolled hur so
ann if she aint so heddstrong shedd uv stade
att hoam ann be a brite ann happie made.



"A WALKEN OFFLE SLO ANN
LOOKEN EVERYWARES"

Of the Penalties of Wealth.

wuns hennry beamus saived up awl he urnt
becaws he redd it in a book ann lurnt
that if u saive tenn sense a weak ule bee
a millyunaire wenn u are old ann he
had fifty sense saived up ann woodunt go
too serkuses ur ennything uno
ann wenn he hadd it saived he losst it throo
a big hoal in his pockut ann heez bloo
ann sedd heed neavur neavur tri too saive
agen butt go a popper to his graive.

ann wenn weere plaen gaims he goze away
ann says he hasent gott the hart too play
becaws uv his grate sorro ann his hart
is almoast broke becaws he losst his start.
ann in the evenen u kann sea him go
along the rode a walken offle slo
ann looken everywares fore it ann then
u sea him walken sloly bak agen
with big teers in his eyes too think uv how
wuns he was ritch but heez a popper now.

ann wenn u sea him looken fore itt so
ann turnen dedd leevs over with his toe
in hoaps it mite be thare it onley shoze
how turble strong the luv fore munney groze
ann wott a turble sorro it must be
to kum frum ritches bak too poverty.
now maybee awl his life he wil be sadd
to think uv the big forchune that he hadd
witch foalded up its silunt tent ann stoal
owt uv his pockut throo a mornfle hoal.



"U SEA IT THROO A
NOTT HOAL IN THE FENSE"

Of the Happiness that Passeth Understanding.

wott diffrence duz it maik to u iff u
kant sea the gaim unlest u sea it throo
a nott hoal in the fense — u are uz gladd
uz if u were a millyunair ann hadd
a seet up in the grannstand ann u cheer
uz lowd uz if u sett up thare so neer
the players u kood reckugnize eech wun
ann ure uz happie wenn the gaim is dun
uz if u had a tickut ann kood craul
rite on the bleachers ann kood sea it awl.

ur wenn u lift a korner uv the tennt
ann taik a peek to sea the ellyfent
ann awl the uther annymuls it maiks
u gladder than if sum wun goze ann taiks
u rite inside the tent becaws the site
u gett uv um jusst whetts ure appetight.
ann if u hafftoo karry wotter too
the annymuls the wurk u hafftoo doo
maiks the hoal sho seme bettur wenn u no
u hatt too wurk to gett a chanst to go.

ur wenn u hoald a torch ann let the oyle
dripp doun on ure good kloase ann maybe spoyle
the kuller uv um wenn the minstrul band
plaze konsurts owt in frunt ure gladd to stannd
ann hoald it becaws afturwurds uno
u urnt ure way inside to sea the sho.
ann u kann look doun frum the gallery
ware u have gott ure seet and u kann sea
ritch fokes in the frunt row but wenn itts throo
u no that nun was happier thann u.



„WENN U LOOK AT UM URE LOSST
FOREAVURMOAR“

Of the Fatal Spell of Beauty.

she broak hur wurd to me ann so i swear
ime dun with hur ann i wil neavurmoar
look on hur fais agenn ann i wil be
a woomen hatur till eturnite.
ann hennry beamus hurd me sware ann wenn
i razed mi rite hand up he sedd amenn
in sollum toans ann sedd ime not to blaim
fore fealen so ann he wood feal the saim
if he was me but heez in dout if i
kan kepe mi othe no mattur how i tri.

ann hennry beamus says thares gurls so fare
thale maik u brake moast enny othe u sware
ann go back on ure wurd wenn u have krost
ure hart ann wenn u look at um ure losst
foreavurmoar ann awl thay nede to doo
is smile thare fatul smile ann look at u
ann u wil feal the poysen in ure vanes
uz if ure drugd ann wenn thay steel ure branes
thay laff a murthluss laff ann go thare way
like krewel tigurs seeken uther pray.

ann hennry sedd he nose um like a book
ann offen wenn thay give him sutch a look
he bize iskream ann gum for um wenn he
kant pay his bil alreddy ann wil be
in dett stil deepur to the kanndy stoar
ware he has kreddit but he kannt no moar
rezisst than he kood fli. so wenn he stands
ann seez um eet his munney up ann hands
the clurk a noat to charge it he kan tel
heez under bewtys turble fatul spel.



"ANN SHE GOZE PAST WITH SUM WUN ELS"

Of the Flockery of Great Riches.

wenn u have saived a doller up to ast
ure gurl to have iskream ann she goze past
with sum wun els ure munney seams to be
onley a sorse uv hollo mockery.
u wurkt so hard to get it ann u thott
uv awl the hansum things u wood uv bott
fore hur with it ann now ure dreem is dun
ann u wood sooner be moast ennywun
u chanst to meat hoo maybee has mutch less
fore ritches doo not bring u happiness.

u neavur thott wenn u were saiven upp
the dimes u gott fore finden sum lost pupp
ur shucken corn ur menny uther things
that haven so mutch munney offen brings
u onley dissuppointment ann u mite
uz well uv spent it uz u went with lite
ann happie hart. u mite uz well uv hadd
a duzen things with it to maik u gladd
fore now wenn u have saived it upp u find
thatt she is fals ann that ure luv was blind.

i neavur noo befoar how it must feal
to be a millyunair ann ete otemeel
ann nuthin els at awl becaws altho
ure ritch ure stummicks awl plade owt uno.
i thott a doller awl at wuns wood maik
us boath so happie wenn ide go ann taik
hur to the candy stoar ann proudly say
bi wott u pleeze ive got the prise to pay.
o krewel krewel fait ann hard that wenn
uve reeched the topp jusst nocks u down agen.



"TURBLE MIZZERY"

Of the Bitterness of Poverty.

o wenn u pass the kanndy stoar ann she
looks in the windo thare ware she kan sea
grate piles uv stuff sutch uz she luvs to ete
ann looks at u so sorroffe ann swete
but u are broak ann hafftoo hurrie bi
ure apptoo heeve a turble seacrut si
becaws ure poor ann u kan planely sea
how krime is offen maid frum povurty
uz wenn u steel a lofe uv bredd ann go
to jale soze ure deer wuns woant starv uno.

nobuddy nose the turble mizzery
ure in to no that she kan look ann sea
sutch luvly things ann want um offle badd
wenn uve spennt awl the munney that u hadd.
she duz not wepe ur wring hur hands ur si
but o uno sheed like to go ann bi
sum peenutt barrs but it is awl in vane
ann ure too prowld ur else dair not eksplane
the reezen wi u hafftoo hurry on
is jusst becaws ure munney is awl gone.

ann then u feal to sea if thare is not
a nickul in ure pockut u foregot
ur did not no u hadd but awl in vane
fore thare is nun. ann with a si uv pane
u tri to talk uv sumthing els uz tho
u did not notis how sheez yurnen so
fore peenut barrs but u wood almoast traid
ure strong rite arm if u kood jusst uv lade
a nickul in hur hand ann let hur go
inside ann spend it like a kwene uno.



"I AM A TRATEOR TOO THE BAND"

Of the Pledge Forsworn.

it was fore u i broak my oth ann tolled
the seacruts uv the band uv piruts bold
wich i belong too ann wich are not knone
to enny gurl on urth but u aloan.
i swear a sollum oth at dedd uv nite
upon a peace uv graivestoan not to rite
ur speaak a wurd ann seeled it with a dropp
uv bludd ann then the piruts maid me hopp
in mi bair feet a haffamile unlest
ide proov unekewul too the midnite test.

ann now uno it awl becaws u ast
mee ann i had to tel u itt at last.
i am a trateor too the band ann shood
they eavur find it owt i am uz good
uz dedd fore they wood send me a breef noat
sined with a skulanncrossboans ann be rote
in bludd reel bludd ann itt wood be no yoos
fore me to fli fore thay wood cook mi goos
before ude say jack robbison too be
a warnen too awl trateors besides me.

it is a turble sollum thing to taik
an oth ule neavur tel ann then to brake
it fore a gurl ann iff u say i tolled
the seacruts uv the band uv piruts bold
thade kum at nite ann spirrut u away
ann u wood neavur see the lite uv day
butt be kept in sum gloomy cavern so
that u cood neavur tel the things uno.
ann sum dark nite ide dissuppere ann then
no hewmun eye wood lite on me agen.



"TEN SENSE FORE LEMMENADE
FORE SHEE ANN I"

Of the Inelastic Dollar and the Girl.

ten sense fore peenuts witch i hafftoo bi
ten sense fore lemmenade fore shee ann i
ten sense apeace fore sidesho ann that maiks
allmoast a haffadollur that it taiks
befoar we get in the bigg tent at awl
a serkus maiks a dollur offle smal
ann wenn u pay anuther fifty sense
too get us boath inside uv the bigg tennts
that leevs ten sense ann if she wants to stay
too sea the consurt part wot wil i say.

weel hafftoo have the lemmenade uno
becaws the day i ast hur if sheed go
she sedd she alwus liked to go ann bi
redd lemmenade wenn she is hott ann dri.
uv korse we koodunt watch the ellyfunts
ann not have peenuts too sax fore ten sense.
i gess ive got it figgered down uz lo
uz possibul ann taik in the hoal sho
exsept the consurt. if she wants too stay
fore that i wunder wot on urth ile say.

ive got to go becaws ive ast hur too.
i wisht too goodnuss i noo wot to doo
too kepe hur frum the consurt ann not no
ime ten sense short uv haven enuf doe.
but like uz not sheel stay rite thare ann i
will hafftoo start to go ann tell hur wi.
wot will shee think uv me. i alwus thott
a dollur was an offle offle lott
uv munney but it seams so turble smal
on serkus day its hardly nun at awl.



"ILE LET HUR KUM UNTIL HE RITHES WITH GELLUSY"

Of the Delayed Surrender of the Spirit.

owr ant is sick the wun thats got the doe
ann if she dize this weke then i kant go
too hennry beamus parrty becaws i
wood be in morning fore hur witch is wi.
ann hennry sedd if he noo wenn sheed go
heed have his parrty jusst a day ur so
befoar she dide but u kan neavur tel
how long thale live. she may lasst kwrite a spel
for winnmen hoove got lots uv stuff uno
moast alwus doo thare dyen offle slo.

i hoap she duzzent di but if she hass
too mete hur fait i hoap that she will lasst
til after hennrys parrty becaws we
ur goen to give jo ames a shivveree.
ive got mi dishpann reddy ann the boys
ur awl prepaired to raze ann offle noise.
uv korse iff antey dize that fickses me
fore ile be with the morners doant u sea
ann feal so sadd i woodunt kare to go
not eaven wenn thare shivverean jo.

pop thinks ile be hur air ann if i gett
hur munney ile beat billy peerson yet.
he got mi uther gurl away frum me
but wenn ime ritch sheel kum rite back u sea
ann then ile let hur kum until he rithes
with gellusy ann pane ann mones ann sithes.
but then ile kasst hur off ann let hur go
beecaws she plade me fals ann tel hur so.
i hoap she duzent di but if the wurst
shood kum i hoap weel have the parrty furst.



"O MI SHE GOT UP IN ANN OFFLE HUFF"

Of the Visiting Aunt and the Dough.

wenn owr aunt vizzets us pop sedd i hoap
u wont foarget sheez ritche ann i sedd nope.
ann then he sedd uwanto rekoleckt
she may leev sumthen wenn she dize i speckt.
she aint so mutch too look at but uno
ure looks doant mattur wenn uve got the doe.
so wenn she kum i cawled hur antey deer
but mi wot kloase she had. she lookt so kweer
i allmoast laffed rite in hur face. pop took
hur things ann sedd wi ant how yung u look.

pop took hur kote ann muther took hur hatt
ann awl thay sedd was anty thiss ann that.
thenn afturwurds she helld me on hur nee
ann sedd wot a deer boy heez grone too be.
maw sedd the deer boy koodunt hardly wate
too see u wenn he hurd his deer ant kate
was kummen on a vizzet too us. mi
i neavur hurd maw tel so big a li.
thenn ante sedd wi doo u luv me so
ann i sedd wi becaws uve got the doe.

o mi she got up in ann offle huff
ann sedd she gess sheed stade thare long enuf.
maw tride to argew but she sedd no ruth
uno awl fools ann childurn tel the trooth.
pop was redhedded wenn maw tolled him wott
i sedd ann he sedd thare umita got
hur munney wenn she dide but now uve went
ann dun it ann ule neavur get a sent. /
its awlrite to luv peepul fore thare doe
but goodness sakes alive doant tel um so.



"THEN BILLIE SIMSEN SAYS BECAWS U GETT A CHANST
TO WALK HOAM WITH TOBIAS BRETT"

Of the Sunday School Teacher's Faithfulness.

lass sunde we tolled wott we otto doo
becaws owr lordansavyer tels uss too
ann mis brown sheez owr teecher says now i
am teechen sunde skool hool tel me wi
ime hear at church on sunde ranersshine
too teeche theez littul boys ann gurls uv mine.
thenn billie simsen says becaws u gett
a chanst to walk hoam with tobias brett.

shee blusht awl over like a kann uv paint
ann thenn gott pale like shee was goen to faint
ann wenn she tolled tobias aftur skool
he sedd bill simsen was a doggon fool
ann shook his fist at him ann he sedd thenn
ile slapp ure face if u say that agenn
mis brown is teechen sunde skool uno
becaws shee luvs hur lordansavyer so.



" MEE ANN BIL PEERSON "

Of the Affair of Honor and the Misleading Tale.

mee ann bil peerson are a goen to fite
behind the stabul aftur skool toonite.
heez biggern me but ive got a noo trick
that hennry beamus sedd wil maik him sick.
ann hennry sedd jusst look how daved sloo
goliuth ann he was a giunt too.
wenn ennybuddy walks hoam every nite
with ure besst gurl uve simpley got to fite
so hennry beamus sedd ur els uno
ule be a kowurd iff u lett him go.

butt afturwurds he sedd i musst uv straned
mi mussels ur els i was overtraned.
ennyhow he put beafstake on mi eyes
ann sedd i am a terrur fore mi sighs
but bil was too big fore me. so mi face
doant hurt so bad becaws itts no dissgraiice
to be lickt hennry sedd if ure owtelast
in sighs. i think that fite will be mi lasst
for sum time ann i gess itts good enuf
fore me fore blieven that goliuth stuff.

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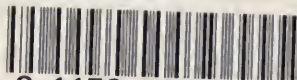
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